

a limit of correction

the eyes in
her face

 outlined
 in the hair
hanging over
 me, around
 me --

"Hey baby, I'm
a fine cooker,
 right?"

(she saying that,
meaning in her
accented foreign
french mistake, of
course, "of food")

but she was so hurried
 in her
 beauty
and I wouldn't
 have the
 heart/

conscience-
stricken conscience
stricken

 too late
 now/
 after
 the fact

(couldn't tell her
now,
 or ever,

-- George Tysh

Ecdysis

the girl
plucks her ear-rings off
the whole world
whirls
the green
fiddlehead compression
of the fern's
impression of the Spring
unwinding
out of bud scales
from time-lapse flowers
she draws
her gloves off
taking hours
Spring requires
patience too

-- Robert M. Chute

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